

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
 And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
 Blood-stained with these vallant combatans,
 Neuer did bare and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
 Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
 Receiue so many, and all willingly:
 Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
 He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
 I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
 Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
 Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
 As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
 We licence your departure with your sonne,
 Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King*.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
 I will not send them: I will after straight
 And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
 Heere comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
 Zounds I wil speake of him, and let my soule
 Want mercy if I doe not ioine with him:
 Yea on his part, Ile empty all these veines,
 And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th dust,
 But I wil lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
 As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
 As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He wil forsooth haue all my prisoners,
 And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
 Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an e
 Trembling euen at the name c

Wor. I cannot blame him, w
 By *Richard* that dead is, the ne

Nor. He was; I heard the P
 And then it was, when the vnh
 (Whose wrongs in vs God par
 Vpon his *Irish* expedition;
 From whence he intercepted, d
 To be depos'd and shortly mu

Wor. And for whose death, w
 Liue scandaliz'd and foulie spo

Hot. But soft I pray you, dic
 Proclaime my brother *Mortim*
 Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did h
Hot. Nay then I cannot bla

That wisht him on the barren
 But shall it be that you that set
 Vpon the head of this forgetfu
 And for his sake weare the dete
 Of murtherous subornation?

That you a world of curses vn
 Being the agents, or base secon
 The cords, the ladder, or the h
 O pardon if that I descend so lo
 To shew the line and the predi

Wherein you range vnder this
 Shall it for shame be spoken in
 Or fill vp Cronicles in time to
 That men of your nobility and
 Did gage them both in an vniu

(As both of you God pardon i
 To put downe *Richard* that swe

And plant this thorne, this car
 And shall it in more shame be f

That you are fool'd, discarded
 By him, for whom these shame